To the WORSHIPFUL

JAMES SUTTON, Esq; MAYOR,

The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgesses,

AND THE REST OF THE WORTHY

Inhabitants *of the Town of* NORTHAMPTON,

This Yearly BILL of MORTALITY

Is presented by their most Obedient and Humble Servant,

JOHN COX.

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Parish of *All-Saints*, in the Town of *Northampton*, from the 21st Day of *December* 1782, to the 21st Day of *December* 1783; inclusive of the Persons (in Number 13) buried from the *County-Infirmary*; the New Chapel in *King's-Head* Lane, 1; and also those buried at the *Quakers* Burying-Ground 1; the Meeting in *College-Lane* 8; the Meeting on the *Green* 0.

DISEASES.

Abortive and Stilborn	7	Consumptions	15	Fits	29	Lunacy	1
Aged	10	Child-bed	2	Fracture	1	Mortification	7
Asthma	3	Cancer	1	Gravel	1	Measles	0
Accident	2	Dropsy	10	Influenza	1	Palsey	2
Apoplex	3	Drowned	1	Inflammation	4	Rheumatism	3
Abcess	2	Fevers	13	Jaundice	0	Suddenly	1
Small-Pox	9						
Teeth	1						
Thrush	1						
Ulcer	1						
White Swelling	1						

WHEREOF HAVE DIED,

Under Two Years old	35	Ten and Twenty	5	Forty and Fifty	7	Seventy and Eighty	8
Between Two and Five	7	Twenty and Thirty	9	Fifty and Sixty	15	Eighty and Ninety	2
Five and Ten	7	Thirty and Forty	8	Sixty and Seventy	17	Ninety and an Hundred	0

	CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
	Males	Females	*Total.*	Males	Females	*Total.*
All-Saints.	58	55	113	70	50	120
St. Sepulchre's.	17	21	38	15	13	28
St. Giles's.	14	9	23	16	13	29
St. Peter's.	0	1	1	2	6	8
At the Meeting in St. *Peter's* Parish				3	8	11
In the whole Town.	89	86	175	106	90	196
	Increased		28	Increased		21

☞ No more than *nine* Persons have died of the Small-Pox within the whole Town, this Year.

Some to everlasting Life, and some to Shame and everlasting Contempt.—Daniel, Chap. xii. Verse 2.

The AWFUL NEVER.

WHAT's this black Scroll? An awful Scroll that shews
How by a thousand different fatal Blows
DEATH, the grim Tyrant, fells the human Race,
And from the Summit levels to the Base.
The Rich, the Poor, Young, Old, and Grave, and Gay,
Beggars and Monarchs bend beneath his Sway.
Ah! envied STELLA, what avails it thee,
That Lords thou boastest in thine Ancestry?
Tho' in gay Circles, blithe and debonnaire,
Thou always sparklest fairest of the Fair,
Both Blood and Beauty fail thee shortly must;
Thou'rt ADAM's Daughter---therefore doom'd to Dust.
All die alike. But how unlike the End
Awaiting different Souls? The kindest Friend
Is Death to those who Virtue's Paths have trod,
Whose Wills were passive to the Will of GOD;
Whose Breasts, possess'd with reverential Awe,
Have lov'd, and rejoic'd in, Heav'n's sacred Law,
Who *That* by Day have made their fix'd Employ,
Who *That* by Night have made their constant Joy;
To such blest Souls how great the Boon to die?
They, launch'd by Death into Eternity,
Are wafted safely to the blissful Shore,
Where Sorrows, Pains, and Sin they feel no more;
Where Streams of Pleasures they, they only, know,
Which flow in GOD's Presence, and shall ever flow.
But as for those, who bear His glorious Name,
Who, in pure Mercy, Man's Salvation came,
Yet live, as if believing, nothing less,
In *Deeds* denying what their *Mouths* confess;
Who make Commandments truckle to their Self,
And serve in Fact no Deity but Self;
Who kiss with perjur'd Lips the sacred Word,
Only, like Judas, to betray their LORD;
Who spend GOD's Sabbaths---not in Prayer and Praise,
But---in Cards, Routs, and Phaëtons, and Chaise;
Who tread with eager Feet the baneful Way,
Where frantic Sons of Dissipation stray;
Who cry up Honesty, but join the Crew
Of Thieves and Gamblers, and Adult'rers too;
Who make their Bodies, form'd for GOD's own Dwelling,
A Scene to play the curst Acts of Hell in;
A Scene, from whence all Purity is thrust
To clear the Way for Drunkenness and Lust:
Death, to such hapless Souls, when hurried hence,
Is King of Terrors in the strictest Sense,
Dooming them ruthless to the Realms of Wo
For ever---never, never Peace to know.
Never? Good LORD! How can the Mind be brought,
How---to support th'intolerable Thought?
See yon poor Wretch, hard struggling for his Life,
With a high Fever holding doubtful Strife.
His Tongue adust denotes th'unusual Heat,
And his Pulse throbs to gain a cooler Seat;
His crimson Cheeks look bursting as with Ire,
Whilst lock'd-up Pores keep in the wasting Fire;
Night after Night his Eyes one Vigil keep,
Strangers to Nature's kind Restorer, Sleep;
The Blood impetuous boils thro' every Vein,
And wild Delirium turns th'oppressed Brain.
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From that bright Mirror. Shielded by his Care,
We look beyond Time, and look without Despair.
But if our Judge, if He should be exact
T'examine nicely every evil Act,
Shou'd be extreme to mark us, when we're tried,
Who his just Vengeance, who may e'er abide?
"But O for past Guilt, Blest LORD, thy Wrath withdraw,
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Make us henceforth both Wealth and Pleasures flee,
If Wealth or Pleasures draw our Hearts from Thee.
May thy Love draw, thy Terrors too persuade
Of all vile Deeds to make us most afraid!
Print on our Souls, erased ne'er to be,
The awful NEVER---dread ETERNITY.
For Nought can more to Virtue stir the Breast,
Than that Joys ceasing never---wait the Blest:
For Nought can more from Sin th'Affections sever,
Than that the hard'n'd Sinner's Pains end---NEVER."

H. W. 1783.

BRITISH MUSEUM 11 NO 68

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